

TEST OF ENDURANCE

Painful Experience of a Helpless Teamster in the Mountains.

THROWN FROM HIS WAGON

After Lying in the Snow, Suffering From a Broken Leg and Nearly Frozen to Death, He's Rescued Half Dead the Next Day.

Special Correspondence of the Standard.

Big Timber, Nov. 17.—James Collier, a young man about 20 years of age, came to Montana a few months ago from Missouri in search of better health and better wages than they pay in his native state. To-day he lies at the Cottage hotel here with a broken leg, feet and hands badly frozen and a body bruised most painfully. How he came to be in this unfortunate condition forms a chapter of experience impossible to contemplate without a shudder.

Collier has been employed by a rancher on the head of Big Elk creek, near the Crazy mountains, about 40 miles from this place. One morning, about a week ago, he started with a team and wagon from the ranch, to go to the mountains after a load of timber for building purposes. The air was cold and raw and there had been a fall of snow which increased in depth as the mountains drew nearer, but Collier was tougher and harder than when he arrived in the state, thanks to Montana's bracing climate, and he faced the wind and snow without a flinch and the 12 miles between him and his destination were covered as soon as possible under the circumstances, and unhitching his team, he commenced to make his load out of the timber to where he could load it on the wagon. This work occupied him longer than usual, and when he had loaded the last log he saw that he must hurry if he was to get home before dark.

The place where he loaded was at the top of a steep hill and before descending this it was his custom to "rough lock" the wagon in the usual manner by arranging a chain around the fellow of the hind wheel to prevent it revolving. This done he started down the hill, but the rough lock slipped in the snow and before Collier had time to collect his thoughts the team was flying down the hill at breakneck speed with Collier vainly endeavoring to check them. He was finally thrown, by the violent lurching of the wagon, onto the double trees, and in trying to get onto the back of one of the horses he lost his hold and fell under the wheels.

When Collier recovered his senses, he says, he thinks it must have been 11 p. m. The night was clear and bitter cold. He saw patches of blood on the snow around him, and when he attempted to move he found that his left leg was broken. Just imagine the position of the unfortunate fellow. Miles from any human habitation. In the mountains at midnight, lying in a foot of snow with a broken leg, painful contusions of the head and body and the mercury below zero. He managed to fish his handkerchief from his pocket and cover his head. He then covered his hands with a small cotton sack in which he had carried his lunch and, resting his head upon his hands, he waited for daylight. Only a man in such circumstances can appreciate the true significance of the expression, "weary hours." The night seemed interminable to Collier, but he had a stout heart and hope never deserted him. Shortly after dawn he heard the tinkle of a bell and the bleating of sheep and remembered that about a mile down the gulch there was a sheep camp. This memory revived his courage, and he started to crawl through the snow with his broken leg and, by that time, frozen hands and feet, in the direction of the camp and the sound of the bell. But the latter gradually grew fainter and Collier knew that the sheep and their herder were leaving him. He then concluded that his only hope was to crawl over the hills for a distance of two miles until he reached the "big flat" where he would signal any luck he had by yelling and waving the cotton sack. His weak voice would have availed him nothing, but the horsemen were looking for him and saw his signal. The distance between him and them was covered as fast as the horses could travel, and after pouring some whiskey down his throat they loaded him on one of the horses, and after a tedious journey of several hours, got him to the nearest ranch, where he was cared for until a doctor arrived.

There were fears at first that he would lose both feet, but Dr. John Moore says he will save them except, perhaps, a few toes, and Collier bids fair to be around again in a month or two very little the worse for his terrible experience.

Hunting parties are the order of the day in this section. A. T. Anderson and William Enos returned yesterday from a trip to the head of the Boulder and brought six black tail as the result of their efforts.

A party composed of J. E. Barbour, E. M. Hall, Alex. Yule, C. N. Skillman, W. A. Moore and James Gardner are now on the head of Lower Deer creek, and if their expectations are realized, a six-horse team will be needed to bring home what they bag.

Big Timber has achieved such commercial importance that the Northern Pacific has made the same freight rates to this point as have heretofore only been accorded to the principal towns along the line of the road such as Helena, Butte, Bozeman, etc. The discrimination has handicapped the Big Timber wholesale merchants con-

The good-will that goes with good tea is part of the profit—that is why some grocers are glad to sell you *Schilling's Best*.

But there is more profit, take it all in all, in *Schilling's Best* tea—for you, for the grocer, and for us.

A Schilling & Company, San Francisco

siderably, and now that they are on an equality in the matter of freight rates with other towns they will be able to extend their business considerably to the mutual advantage of dealer and purchaser.

Tax Agent Swartz of the Northern Pacific was in town the other day and paid the company's taxes in this county, amounting in all to \$5,460.35. The company has more than 300,000 acres of land in this county and only paid taxes on some 22,000 acres. The balance, consisting of rocky and mountainous land, practically valueless, and unpatented, they refuse to pay the taxes on, and County Treasurer Clark will seek the advice of the attorney general as to what shall be done with the land thus abandoned, there apparently being some question as to whether it can be sold for the taxes. It is understood that the policy of abandoning the worthless lands is being followed by the railroad company throughout the whole extent of its land grant.

The stock shipments from Big Timber this fall so far amount to over 200 carloads and the end is not yet. The shipments have been about evenly divided between sheep and cattle. The latter shippers have received good prices and consequently the stockmen feel much encouraged.

Rev. A. Warman, founder of the Big Timber settlement, on Big Timber creek, purchased some hogs at an auction sale which took place near Springdale, 15 miles above here, a few days ago. Several teams went from the settlement to Springdale yesterday to get the hogs. Returning to-day, the drivers undertook to ford the Yellowstone at a point where they thought it fordable, but the event proved that their judgment was at fault and the whole outfit, teams, hogs and drivers, had a narrow escape from drowning. To prevent the team from drowning it had to be cut loose from one wagon and the horses managed to reach the bank in safety, leaving the wagon with its load of hogs and two men in mid stream with the water running into the wagon box. The rest of the outfit had in the meantime managed to reach the shore, but it was an hour before the horseless carriage in mid stream was gotten to the bank. The weather is very cold, and when the outfit reached here at 7 p. m. the live stock and drivers were in a very uncomfortable condition.

LIVINGSTON NEWS.

Two High Officials Engage in a Fistic Encounter.

Special Correspondence of the Standard. Livingston, Nov. 18.—On Tuesday evening a personal encounter occurred on Main street between two gentlemen holding high official positions. The trouble grew out of one of them accusing the other with having contributed to the defeat of a nominee of his own party. The trouble was nipped in the bud by peace-making friends and the life blood of the gladiators did not red den the ground. One of the gentlemen, who shall be designated as the speaker of the house, pleaded guilty to a charge of assault and paid a fine of \$13.50, but he vows that he will show his opponent up in such a light as to make the author of "Coin's Financial School" ashamed of the name he bears.

John T. Carlin was over from Bozeman to-day. Notwithstanding that he has served two terms as receiver of the Bozeman land office, rumor mentions his name in this connection again. Mr. Carlin says he is not looking for the position, feeling that he has received his share of federal honors and political emoluments. He says there are others who should be given an opportunity to serve the people before the Angel Gabriel summons them hence. It is true that Mr. Carlin and Mark Hanna are old acquaintances, which fact might be an advantage to Mr. Carlin if he were an aspirant for any federal position, but he prefers to stand aloof and witness the energetic efforts put forth by those who have a more insatiable appetite for the crumbs that fall from the pie counter.

Sam Hilburn, the successful candidate for treasurer of Flathead county, is a brother of Henry Hilburn of this city. Mr. Hilburn has reason to feel proud of the large vote he received. Out of a total vote of 1,600, with three candidates in the field, he received a plurality of 250.

County Clerk Charles Angus is back from a flying trip to Miles City. This is the first time in 18 years that he has made a railroad trip of so great a length.

Commissioner Roth made a business trip to Bozeman yesterday. Mr. Roth, who was chairman of the democratic central committee, made a pretty close prediction of the McKinley strength in this county. He estimated that the president-elect would not receive to exceed 350 votes in Park county, which were just 21 votes more than were cast for him.

John Work, the extensive sheep owner of Mission, made a trip to Bozeman yesterday. He rejoices with nearly all sheepmen at the prospect of a restoration of the tariff upon wool.

D. P. Rankin of the Upper Yellowstone has been summoned to Helena to serve upon the United States grand jury.

Henry Sample has relinquished his position as cashier of the Merchants' bank and is now in the employ of Hefterlin Bros.

Frank Bliss, landlord of the Grand hotel at Big Timber, was in the city today.

Henry Urbach returned to-day from Mammoth Hot Springs, where he was employed all summer at the Cottage hotel.

W. J. Hiffe has removed with his family to Red Lodge, where he has engaged in the jewelry business.

Their Fathers' Daughters.

Mildred Howells' daughter of William Dean Howells, the novelist, has a studio in her father's house in New York and has done some clever illustrating for books and magazines.

Although the daughter of George W. Cable has recently married, she still keeps up her work of illustrating her father's writings.

Ethel Nordhoff, daughter of Charles Nordhoff, has chosen bookbinding as a calling and has fitted herself for it by a course at a famous London bindery.

Annie Corbin, daughter of the late Austin Corbin, the New York millionaire, managed a small hotel last summer at Shinnecock Hills, L. I., and showed much ability in the matter.

Give Weyler Time and He May Win.

From the Republican (Ind.), Springfield.

If General Weyler has taken the field, it is an event of real importance. He has shown great ability thus far in holding Havana without going outside the city, and now we shall see what luck he will have in holding it from the country round about. If he holds it as well from the outside as he has from the inside, he may finish the war some time in the next century.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Famous for its cures of coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough, 25 and 50 cents per bottle. For sale by druggists.

Subscribe for the Standard.

M. E. CHURCH WORK

Two Day's Session of the Conference Comes to a Close.

SONG AND PRAYER SERVICE

A 100-Yard Foot Race Between John Ney of Deer Lodge and Bob Davis, an Unknown, Won by the Former.

Special Correspondence of the Standard.

Bozeman, Nov. 19.—Last night closed the two days' meeting of the district conference of the Methodist church for Eastern Montana, held in the Methodist church here on Tuesday and Wednesday. The meetings were all well attended. The meetings opened on Tuesday with a devotional service conducted by Rev. George D. King of Townsend at 9 a. m. The remainder of the forenoon was given to preliminary business of the conference. In the afternoon there was a devotional service conducted by Rev. R. H. Reed of this valley; Rev. Jacob Mills, financial secretary of the Montana Wesleyan university, spoke upon "How to Dispose of University Bonds," and a most interesting paper from Rev. William Hall of Livingston was listened to. This was upon "The Responsibility of Our Church in Regard to the Liquor Traffic," illustrating his remarks by blackboard sketches. This completed the work of the afternoon session and the evening was given to a sermon by Rev. R. P. Smith, followed by altar service.

W. S. Hornbuckle of this valley opened a devotional service Wednesday morning, when Rev. J. W. Tait of this city gave a splendid paper upon "How to Conduct a Revival." In the afternoon there were devotional services led by the Rev. S. A. Oliver of Twin Bridges, remarks upon "How and When to Present the Whiteboard," by Rev. H. Warman of Whitehall and a paper by Rev. George D. King upon "How to Prepare a Sermon." A question box and the reports of committees ended the afternoon session. The evening session closed with an able and instructive sermon by Rev. H. Warman of Whitehall.

The much-talked-of 100-yard foot race between John Ney of Deer Lodge and Robert Davis, who is a stranger in this valley, came off at the race track here yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock. There was probably more money changed hands over this event than over the election, and a crowd of some 200 men went out to the race track to see the sprinters sprint. The track had been scraped and cleared and was in good condition when the men took their places. Ney being allowed a lead of 12 feet. The start was a good one. J. McCormick fired the pistol, but the run proved to have but little semblance to a foot race as long-legged Jack Ney only touched the high places as he sped towards the line, which he crossed about 40 feet ahead of Davis, and Davis never stopped running but sped down a side street to the city a wiser, but poorer man. Ney's time was 10½ seconds. The two men had been in training here for weeks and were in good condition, but Davis was no match whatever for Ney, who is something of a foot runner. Ney has won a number of races here this summer. He ran at a number of points upon the Yellowstone last spring and is getting quite a name as Big Jack, the Montana boy. In this part of the state. No one knows Davis here, although he was a favorite among the sports of Bozeman, it being claimed that \$700 was lost on him in yesterday's run.

DAUGHTER OF EVE.

She Attends the Horse Show and Notes Many Lovely Toilettes.

From the Philadelphia Times.

As I have not missed the horse show for the last four years, it naturally follows that I am once again installed at the Waldorf, reveling in all the luxury of this celebrated hostelry, and enjoying as only a daughter of Eve can the delightful gowns worn by the women, who take this opportunity to wear their prettiest and choicest toilettes.

On Tuesday I snuggled down into my seat in the drawing room car on the Pennsylvania limited, happy in the consciousness that, dashing along with me, was a trunk filled with the smartest and best I could rake or scrape, and anticipating the pleasure of seeing old friends and new gowns, though the former had been more than usually kind to me when I was in Gotham a week ago.

Do you know sometimes I don't think I am half thankful enough for all the goodness that is shown me? Now, who else in the world with a pianissimo purse would ever be treated as royally as I am? Arriving at Jersey City I met Fannie, who had come down from Newburgh for a week's recreation, and together we were driven to the Waldorf. After dinner a party of us invaded the Madison Square Garden, and though I love fine horse flesh and have a very sincere regard for a dear little animal named Firefly that was given me last week, I was more enthusiastic over the gowns present.

Blue blood, the very essence of the hundred and fifty, was not present, but the nouveau riche dress well, and as I wanted to see the gowns, it didn't matter to me whether or not a genealogical tree was carried on every breadth of satin.

Fannie, who has been in mourning for a year, and is now donning those lovely violet confections that simply win one over in a walk, looked like just what she is, a social leader of the most refined taste, done up in a violet velvet and chiffon, the whole being capped by a big white velvet hat with nodding plumes. Lots of people said Mrs. Teller was the handsomest woman present, but I think my dainty cousin would have given her a very hard fight for preference if the judges had been called upon to criticize feminine, rather than equine beauty.

I was walking about the ring yesterday morning with a man who is well known in social circles, both here and abroad, and he said:

"Do you know, I have an innate abhorrence of brown."

Just at that moment there approached us a girl who was a perfect symphony in the very color he despised. "How about this?" I queried.

"Well, this is the one exception. If all women could look as well in that shade of color, I might be converted."

Well he might admit that much. The girl in question had tawny hair and soft brown eyes. Her gown was of brown velvet, trimmed with sable, and there was a bolero of Persian brocade, studded with turquoises. A stole and muff had been called for by the artist, corresponded with a big brown

velvet hat, with long brown plumes and choux of pale blue chiffon.

The loveliest gown, however, that I saw was worn by a pretty dame who sat in the corridor of the Waldorf after the show was over and the clothes horse show had begun. She had chosen gray as the color motif of her attire. A gray broadened silk skirt, the figures in which were outlined by silken paillettes, a bodice of gray velvet, opening over a blouse of real lace, with a triple shoulder cape, bordered with chinchilla and appliqued with little bouquet patterns of duchesse lace. An immense Gainsborough hat of black velvet added a picturesque feature to a toilette that, had it been worn on the stage, would have created a veritable furor, but in this case of lovely frocks it passed by with but a word or two of favorable comment, but it is I who am privileged to single it out and describe it for the benefit of my readers. To-morrow I will be able to give more descriptions and for many days there will remain in my mind memories of pretty costumes that, while I tell about, I also most sincerely covet.

New Women Read Newspapers.

"Women are accused of not reading the newspapers," remarked a man recently, "but I have noticed that, at least on the cars, they read them much more than was formerly the case. On my daily ride into town from a suburban village I noticed that the women who chance to be on the train are almost without exception, reading a morning paper as eagerly as the men. At a summer resort where I spent a few weeks, too, I noticed the news stand was much patronized by the women of the place. If, as they say, the magazines have got to yield to the growing demand and the better supply of newspapers, women are going to help in the revolution as much as men."

All of which does not accord with Frances Willard's observations, who said recently, talking on the subject: "Women are a set of passivities on that subject as a class," and added: "I am never more annoyed for my 'sect' than when the newspaper boy goes trotting through at full speed if he finds the car contains chiefly women, never dreaming that they may want a paper. I clutch his sleeve with a vim and buy one of every variety he has, and ask him what he is thinking about to lose patronage in that way. Gossip is nothing but small news—the nickels, pennies and dimes, while the newspaper deals in dollars and V's and X's; so it widens the mind more to read the newspapers than to gossip about the neighbors."

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Facts

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The Anaconda Standard has the best equipment of any newspaper between Chicago and San Francisco.

The Anaconda Standard has a staff and branch offices in Butte, Great Falls and Missoula and special correspondents in every city of importance west of the Missouri river.

The Anaconda Standard is the only newspaper in the West operating a special daily train service to facilitate distribution.

The Anaconda Standard is a family newspaper, and can be found in almost every home in Montana, Idaho, Eastern Washington and Northern Wyoming.

"In all the states of the Far West and the Pacific Slope, consisting of California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah, there are but 11 other daily papers credited with so large an issue as is accorded to the Anaconda Standard.—Rowell's American Newspaper Directory.

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will quickly cure you of all nervous diseases, such as lost manhood, pains in the back, seminal emissions, nervous debility, weakness of memory, excruciating drains, impotency and all its horrors. A written guarantee and money refunded if six boxes does not effect a permanent cure. \$1.00 per box, six for \$5.00, by mail, securely sealed. Manufactured by A. Augendre, aPria. Address all mail to D. M. NEWBRO DRUG CO., Sole Agents, Butte, Mont.